Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
*Per.* I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. We are neere *Tharſus*.
*Per.* Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: when canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
*Per.* O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe the wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

*Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.*

*Cer.* *Phylemon*, hoe.

*Enter Phylemon.*

*Phyl.* Doth my Lord call?
*Cer.* Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
*Ser.* I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
*Cer.* Your Maſter will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
*Cer.* Gentlemen, why do you ſtirre ſo earely?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leaue the houſe.

2. *Gent.*